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1368. 6. 21.

LETTER

FROM

Obadiah Shepherd,

TO

ALEXANDER,

THE

Copper-Smith.

I remember a Scrap of my vain Learning
when I was a Boy.

Nec lex est justior ulla, quam necis Ar-
tifices ac te perire sua.

In English,

BITE THE BITER.

BAGDAD, Printed by CUTTI
MAMMI, Printer to the Hon. Ld.
ALCOCK.

Cum Privilegio.

LETTER

FROM

Opastian Shepherd,

TO

ALEXANDER,

Esq.

Copied - 24th

I remember a lot of my old learning
which I was a boy

and a box of my old books, and
some of my old papers



THE
FIVE BISHOPS

RECEIVED BY THE
MAGISTRATE

AT
Oxford

My Old Friend Alexander,

A Pacquet arriving last Week,
by which great News was expected from the Convention then sitting at Grand Cairo,

I with the rest of the vain Assembly stept into the Cesser House, to hear what was doing, when in the midst of the many Political Observations flowing from the fatt-headed Sages of our City of Bagdad, we were interrupted with a Pamphlet thrown upon the Table, with a pompous Title prefix'd, full of hard Words and vain pretensions to Learning, published by The Great and most Ingenious ALEXANDER the Copper-Smith.

The pompous Title moved the whole Table immediately to give it a reading, which being ended, many heads were at work to find out, who was this pompous assumeing Scribler, that presumes to make so free with the Characters of some of the best and most ingenious Men of our great City of Bagdad, when after some Expostulations on the Affair, **ST. RICHARD SENSIBLE** so remarkable

able for his great Wisdom, & discoveries by the Art of Prying, started up with as much Warmth, as they say, Old Archimede did, when he first discover'd the Method of finding the Solid Inches of his Maid Gillens Broom, and cryed out, EVREKA EVREKA, which the learned say is, I found him, I found him. I can trace him thro' every Paragraph of his Lewdness, pompous Affectation of Learning, irreligious Gibes, Ill-natured Wit, and just ridicule of his own profession; and no Man within the Precincts of our great City of Bagdad, is possessed of such a Medley of poor principles, as to be the Author of such a Scribble, but that young, Lewd, irreligious, Jesuitical, WILLIAM SELOB, who haveing no Character in the City of Bagdad, is rambeling the World, under this abandoned Metamorphosis of ALEXANDER the Copper Smith, full of Jesuitical Spite, Envy and detraction, pillageing his Neighbours good Characters, with the sole View of Screening the Defects of his own in the Croud. ——— A Person very justly equal

equal to the Lewdness, impiety, and irreligion contained in his Writeings, and indeed to my certain knowledge a very proper Gibe upon his own profession of the Caraites.

And just as Sir RICHARD SENSIBLE was speaking came in ALEXANDER the Copper Smith's Retition to Seignior JACOBO HEWLETALDO the Ld. ALCOCK's Seneschal, wherein I was pleased that my old Friend ALEXANDER had so fully acquitted himself of such a dirty piece of Work, and charged it so plainly upon the influence of WILLIAM SELOB his Apprentice, upon reading of which Sir RICH. SENSIBLE proceeded in his Observations, and said he thought ALEXANDER the Copper Smith had done himself and his apprentice Justice, in turning out Wm. SELOB with a Fool's Cap upon his head, and Bells about his Neck, that every Body might see, know and laugh at him; and said farther, when I consider the insignificance of young SELOB's capacity, his insufficiencie even in those poor Strokes
of

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of learning aimed at, and remarkable only for a poor simple Manual Employment in a very low station, and how little available such a Character of scurrility and Libertinism would be to his profession, it puts me in mind of that old remark.

Aude aliquid
Brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum,
si vis Esse aliquid.

Vertue does not always raise a name,
Bridewell & the Gallows are as oft
records of fame.

This open and Ingenious Declaration of Sr. RICHARD, at once startled and struck the minds of all his Auditors, with an agreeable Approbation, and yea verily, I my self could not gain say the General Observation; But, however, I could not forbear uttering something upon the Occasion, and I replied, How! WILLIAM SELOB, Son of my Old friend THOMAS SELOB a Carraite turned Scribbler. Oh! What a rueful thought it gave me of the fickle changes of this uncertain World. How is the Holy Seed Corrupted with Earthly Vanities. Surely said I, The Children

dren of Darkneſs have crept in among us, to Deſile our Sanctified Habitation, and to Brand us with Worldly Infamy and Scorn; But 'tis a juſt Obſervation of thine own.

Quem Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.

He that is Born to be Hang'd, muſt firſt turn fool.

Oh! WILLIAM thy fame has often reached my Ears, and I have often heard of thy great Dexterity in Waveing thy HAMMER, and of thy clever Patch-Work among the Stew-Pans and Fleſh-Pots of *Ægypt*, and in Tinkering with thy Neighbours Kettles. Yea Verily WILLIAM, thou ſo provok'ſt my inward Man, that I cannot but reply to thee in thy own Laconick Exclamation. Oh! Tempora; Oh! Mores! Oh! WILLIAM, WILLIAM— Oh!— I am griev'd in Spirit,—

But now I have rebuked WILLIAM, and in Friendſhip given my Thoughts of the Matter, I will tell thee ALEXANDER, what thy old fellow Citizens of Bagdad ſay.

For

For I had the Curiosity to keep my place at the Table, and hear the Observations of the Multitude upon this baneful enterprize.

Councillour GLIB swore, that he deserved a place upon the Stage better than he, and that if he had but a little of his grimace and action, he would make as good a Quack-Mountebank Speecher, as ever appeared in Bagdad, and would vend a lye, with as good a Grace, as ever did the Lord R——r in the Kingdom of Great Britain, under the same disguise, tho' not with half His Witt, sense, or innocent, good humour.

HUGH BALLAST tuck'd in his Cravat, & said he would return him thanks elsewhere for the dirty employment assigned, him & that since he had such an ambitious view, to an high station above his Brethren, he did hope he should have an opportunity of exalting him in a proper place.

ROBIN BLUSTER grin'd, and said, he would equip him with his Dray-Man's Whip whenever he met him.

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FRANK HEADLONG sputter'd & hammer'd, and had a great mind to say something, but he knew not what.

JAMES RAM Nodded his heavy head, as if he had a mind to Butt and try whose B—— head was hardest, had he been near him.

My good Friend **JONAS PILLAR**, who hitherto stood silent behind a peacefull Paunch, and a leering Countenance, at length broke out and said, Yea verily, **WILLIAM** thy vain conceit has puff'd thee up to an attempt of Witt, to which thou hast no right, and indeed thou dost discover the shallowness of that vain learning, of which thou hast so often boasted, to have attained, when thou wert Shoe-Boy to the Jesuits School in Grand-Cairo. Thy heart doth abound with too much Gall and bitterness, and the Words of thy Mouth are very unfavoury, and too visibly betray the insincerity and deceit of thy goodly Countenance. Thou art fallen away from the Truth, and thou art a disgrace to the Holy Carities.

B

Then

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Then TULLY stood up with a Roman Gravity, becoming his oratorial Phiz, and after a long harangue of Tedious Speeches, to no such purpose, he at length concluded, that his head was as empty, as any of the Heroes Helmets, hung up in the Capitol, as an Emblem of the hard head it so long protected, and that his rhetorick was as **Lame** as the Blunders of Sancho Pancha.

Upon which Councillor **FEN TO-PUZZLEPATE** arose, and with an humorous face said, there need no great Puzzling to make just Observations upon this Scurrilous, empty Scribble, that contained so little either of Witt, Humour, Learning or Truth. He calls it a Comical, Sarcastical, Theological account of an Election &c. It's Comedy is Poor Hungry Grubb street Raillery, it's Sarcasms are Scurrilous invectives, without Truth Sense or humour, and his Theology, is Leudness, impiety, and prophaneness. His History, as to the Scene at Bagdad, is incoherent, and a perfect jumble of Non-sense; his learning is scraps of Authors very badly

and yet all of it is as the ap-

applied, and the whole a rhapsody of lyes, envy, pride, immorality, & detraction, but to give it a serious Consideration, is doing too much Honour to such a poor dirty Jobb, as ALEXANDER the Copper smith rightly Terms it. He added, that he could say much more on the occasion, had he not been unwilling to indulge SELOB's vanity, in thinking himself greatly Honoured, by his Notice of such a silly Performance, and therefore chose rather to take the wise Cato's advice, contain'd in the following lines.

Contra verbosos noli contenderi Verbis:
Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia
Paucis.

Fools have a right to prate with noise
and sound,

But Wisdom's scarce, and among few
is found.

And in compassion to the infirmities of his empty cranium, he would send him the following advice out of the same Author.

Alterius Dictum aut factum ne carpseris
Unquam

Exemplo simili ne te derideat alter.

Don't indulge thy self in scandal and reproach, least others poison'd by thy invidious Exhalations return thy envious spite unto thy own disgrace.

After him stood up my friend WILLIAM SUGARCANE, who first lick'd his Lips, and said, my Brethern I have been told, That this same WILLIAM SELOB frequently visited my Sugar-Pots, and has often solicited the Tinkering of my Vessells; but my Brethern I was afraid of the Carnal Man, that shew'd so visibly in his sleek Countenance, and leering Eyes, but I happily avoided him, fearing lest the spiritual Mind of my Pious Damsel Sarah, might be corrupted to impregnate my solitary convent; Oh! my Brethern how he would have polluted all my Sanctified Vessels.

Neighbour THOMAS VELVET spoke, next and told the company, that he was not at all surprized, that he who had the arrogance & impiety to burlesque the Law of the Great Prophet, should abuse his Ministers, or that he should ridicule chastity, and the Marriage

riage bed undefiled, whose greatest Glory is in his shameful Leudness, and horrible lustful Lasciviousness. His Scribendi Cacoethes may justly be rendred a squirt of Scribling, and therefore no wonder that he should bespatter all about him in Ribaldry, and Billingsgate jokes. He observed that in the Character he gives of himself, the Censors wit could rise no higher, than a poor Gingle in Prose, and mimicking of periods, at the expence of Truth, Charity and Religion; that the whole was a Rhapsody of ill nature, and low witt, without any regard to order, vertue or Politeness, no ways becoming the Pen of a Gentleman but Harlequins speech on a Montebank's stage.

Sir Wm. STEEPL, who attended hitherto with patience, & was amazed at the Insolence of such a scrub Fellow, could no longer forbear, said, he valued himself upon his sincerity in all his Professions, and more particularly in that of his Religion, which he most justly observ'd was above the scene of trifling or ridicule, and said farther, tho' Sir
Wm.

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Wm. dyes, he shall dye with an unblemish'd Character of sincerity, and truth. He seem'd to have a mind to say a great deal more, but he was interrupted by the hasty words of **GEORGE PURITANE**, whose bowels seem'd to yerne, until he sent back the evil Spirit, and Saint-like fly Hypocrisy, into his Soul, as its proper habitation, and said he would make haste home to his Wife, lest Wm. **SELOB** should be there before him.

HARRY SMUGG, that Mirrour of Ingenuity seem'd jealous even of thy Commendations, and was ashamed of praises out of the Mouth of such a shameless, invidious, wretch.

At which **DANIEL POSITIVE** call'd him a sorry Fellow; and Frank Headlong look'd as angry as he, & I know not what Warmth might have ensued, had not a tall Reverend Gentleman stood up, whom Sir **RICH. SENSIBLE** told me Wm. **SELOB** call'd Sir **WILIAM**'s Trumpeter, and silenced these two hot headed lads, and in a grave speech told us, that it was his great pleasure, he was not a Trumpeter of so much Leudness, Ribaldry or irreligion, as
this

this Monstrous Sycophant upon the Carpet, and seemed to wonder what diversion such lewd insinuations and Harlequin Language, could afford to so many grave and solemn Worshippers of the great Prophet, and Professours of his sacred Law, and was beginning to sound out some solemn denunciations against him, when Doctor ZEALWAG with more Humour & better Temper arose and said,

He wondred how any thing in the dress of a Harlequin could offend or disturb the mind of any serious Man, or that any worthy Senatour of the great and wise City of Bagdad, should suspect himself injured or touched in Charecter, by the cynical or Ludicrous Suggestions of a Mountebank upon the Stage, whose priviledge is gibing without offence, lying without hopes of being believed, and to be laughed at by every Body; or what Mortal should be offended at his poor raillery, whose impious tongue has not been afraid to gibe upon the prayer of the great Prophet, to ridicule the Trinity, and put that Sacred confession of our faith, upon a par with the fictitious Speeches of Tyburn Malefactours, to amuze the Mob. Oh!

Oh! Impious Wretch said even **SIMON SPIRIT**, how I abominate the unfavoury Exhalations of his poisonous Mouth, neither have I any Joy in the soul Exultations of that evil Spirit, from whence such vile thoughts proceed, for tho' friend Zealwag disturbed my inward Man by his unjust suspicions of me, and tho' I should like to be exempted from paying Tythes, yet I would not be led by that foul Spirit into all the dark recesses of his impious friends. Verily Wm. **SELOB**, thou hast put a lying Spirit in my Mouth, in falsely accusing friend Zealwag of being an unworthy Pastor, and charging him foolishly with covetousness, and to shew thee that I have a scrap of Latin as well as thee

Ut patet janna, Cor magis.

As his Door is always open to his friends so is his Heart much more so,

And tho' Friend Zealwag delights in being innocently cheerful in Conversation, yet I never did hear that he forgot his zeal to his flock, or that he put the labour thereof upon a journey-man. yea verily I always believed friend Zealwag wears his Bib as clean from such reflections

tions as any one of his Tribe. And the truth is WILLIAM; thou hast been lying in wait secretly to wound friend Zealwag, and thou hast taken this opportunity of doing it Treacherously over my Shoulders, but I will not stand before thee nor hide this thy shameful attempt, and I send home to thee the lying Words, thou hast charged upon me. ——— And my friend SIMON was proceeding to some serious Expostulations, when the Ludicrous JACK BUCK-ALL interrupted him, and said I know friend Wm. to be by the Mother's side descended from the Ancient and Venerable Family of the Buckall's, and therefore I shall not say much of him; but it seems strange, that he should begrudge me a little diversion in the Field, who is himself so remarkably a keen Sportsman, and by his profession as a Caraite, claims so unbounded an Exemption from all laws Human, Moral, & Divine; & he had a great mind to be merry with WILLIAM, when SAM SLASHER stepped in with a smutty Joake, and said, he did not fear being turn'd out of his

Employment of Town Bull, by any one so much as Wm. SELOB. For that his Merits were so great, that he was in daily fear of a Superfedeas from the Ld. ALCOCK in his favour. However in hopes of an Indulgence in some of the petty Duties of the Employment, he would not say any thing to provoke him.

These two last merry lads gave some Alloy to the serious and Grave Conflicts that preceded, and put the whole Table upon a merry pin, when Mr. RESENTMENT came in with his Jack-Boots and Leathern Girdle about his Loyns, & hearing the Cry against Wm. SELOB, he said humourously, he despised his joaks upon him, and that he had so much Compassion for him, he would make him his Huntsman, and that he should be Clothed in Green with a furr Cap upon his Head, and a long Pole in his Hand, for a merry Andrew, was of great Service in the field, when the Dogs were at a fast, to divert the Company. And thus did Mr. Resentment Gibe at his Insolence, and
instead

instead of being Angry, laugh'd at him. But he humourously hinted in the End, and said he did not wonder at his sliding in a Joke of Councillor GLIB's, of Lord ALCOCK's riding to Heaven upon a single Father, not doubting his just Notice of the fatt Mufti Sweating under a warm Vestment, and Seignior Napthali cramming him with Sweet-Meats, at the suit of Lord ALCOCK, but when call'd upon for his Vote he declared himself in favour of Sr. WILLIAM, whereupon Seignior Napthali's supply of Sweet-Meats ceased, and his holiness walked off with a Paunch of Sugar-Plums he had not paid for. According to the old Proverb :

Old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff.

The Lord INCHIGEELY that little Spiritual wasp, buzz'd at him, and said, That if ever he could catch that same Wm. SELOB within the precincts of his Manour, he would exercise the Arm of Flesh upon his Carnal Man, and humble that vain Spirit that hath made him mad, and in short, propos'd sending him

him to Bedlam. Poor good-natur'd HOSIER indeed pity'd him, and said, hewould equip him with a pair of Stockings for such an Expedition, and was of opinion, the last old Coat he turn'd, would fit that Changeling very well.

The Ladies of the grand Moscho, having now recovered the use of their Speech, upon the Expiration of that fatal edict of Bickerstaffs Goddes, have Printed an Advertifement, that Whereas, they have a great many old Kettles in their Cloyster, perfectly worn out with Rust for want of use, they are in great want of an Operatour to restore their Emaciated Body's, but absolutely declare against WILLIAM SELOB's coming near their Cloyster, he having so unlucky an hand in cracking more Kettles, than he is able to patch up.

The whole discourse on this Subject ended with the Sage Observations of SEIGNIOR PIOASINO our President on the late Election, who said he thought himself bound by the rules of the holy Alcoran, to pity the Ignorant and to help the weak, that for his part
he

he would do justice to all Mankind, where it did not interfere with his duty to the great Ld. ALCOCK. He said in the main I do think this same WILLIAM SELOB to be a vile fellow, that his heart greatly inclines to Libertinism and irreligion, and indeed that such corrupt principles are very injurious to Society; I do not at all approve his impious Gibes upon the great Prophet, and his sacred Law, tho' at the same time I must joyn with him in opinion, that a Church is not the less sacred, because such a curr as he lifts up his Leg against it; and affronts the wall. His lewd insinuations discover too plainly his proness to sensuality; but however, for his good will to the Ld. ALCOCK, I must spare him. Little ROBBIN sat on his left hand, snug as he did behind the Cushion leering as I observ'd on both sides. He knew very well his great obligations to Sir Wm. and his Friends, & that he might have continued Little ROBIN shooting Black-Birds in the Wood, to this day, had not his faithful Friend Sr. WILLIAM

LIAM brought him into the Senate. But however he knew not how to disoblige the Lord of the Manor, and therefore chose to drop his friend to serve his Interest, by Whispering on both sides, but on this occasion, as behind the Cushion, he said nothing.

WILL. the Country Squire appear'd in the same Drapery he wore during the Election in the Sub-Ballaws seat, and as he was then very talkative, 'thou mayest believe it was no small uneasiness to be confin'd so long in silence. He said he believed Wm. SELOB pass'd him by, in regard to him; as being formerly a Brother Sportsman, but that now he has a different notion of things and way of thinking and prefers the joys of marriage before the pleasures of a rambling Life, and living upon the Publick. He said, he knew Wm. SELOB, but thought him of such little worth, as that it was doing him too much honour, to take notice of him any other ways than with a Dray Mans whip or an Heazle Cudgle. otherwise it were easy to expose his Grubstreet performance, and unjust invectives against the Prophets. His
gibe

upon his own profession the Caraites, I think very just and becoming the fools Cap he wears, and who could expect any regard to Religion, Vertue, or Modesty from one who has been executed in EFFIGIE.

SLENDER one of the Lord Alcock's Scribes originally a son of the Prophets, was at a distance, and heard this Speech, and said I can't but smile to hear the Country Squire **W I L L** talk of Vertue, Modesty, & Religion. In short our business is Trade, what shall we get by Vertue, Modesty, or Religion. *Quocunque modo Rem*, is the Motto left us by our old Master.

Upon this **ROSSELLO** one of **Sr. WILLIAM's** Scribes of better Character stood up and rebuked his indecent and unbecoming Speech, and told him he was a Disgrace to the Origine, from whence he derived his head, and a Scandal to the Religion he professed. His invectives against Vertue, Modesty, and Religion, were Vile and base, & his corrupt rancour Superior even to **Wm. SELOB**. The Scribe confounded to hear Vertue and Religion defended in the Confce

see house, which he had ridiculed in the Court, sneak'd off without a reply.

About this time Jemmy Ram, the Ld. Alcock's Mercurius Dulcis, whom he had sent in an errand for his post Letters, returned, and brought him a great packet, among which was the Grand Vizier's Letter confirming his Lordship, in the possession of his Manour, & likewise for raising a particular band of Janizaries, for the benefit and protection of the City of Bagdad. Upon reading, which the Lord Alcock arose and said, that since his Eminency hath been pleased to confirm me in my Manour, and to confirm this additional honour upon me, of Commanding an independant band, I will exert my best services for the Benefit of this City. and first, he address'd himself to Hugh Ballast, and said honest Hugh, I plainly see you have lost the Key of your Cellar, that great attractive of the populace & guzling Multitude.

I observe Seignior BROCALDO, often thirsty for want of thy extensive Hogshead and oblidged poorly to _____ at every tap for a little drink. Honest Hugh thou art a tall Man and as thou helped to lift me
up

tip, I will endeavour, to revive your Interest and Credit in my Manour. My Bank, and Cellar——— shall be, at your Command, provided you give me good and sufficient—— for 'tis now full time, to recollect my old friend Abraham's wife observation, never to part with a Guinea, for one Farthing less, than Three and twenty Shillings. And now I am confirmed in my Manour, it is time to think of serving my self, and Retrieving my late expences at court, and by the by, HUGH, I must get the change of my Money.

As to my Independant Band of Jani-
zaries, which I have the honour to com-
mand, I am determin'd, to dispose of the
commissions thereof, in the Venerable,
& Ancient Family of the BUCKALL's;
my near Relations, in order to revive
their Credit, and make them some a-
mends for the late indignities put upon
them by Seignior ATKINO, late Cailiff
of our City of Bagdad. And for which
reason, will dispose of no commission,
but to the name of Buckall; but said he
to JEMMY RAM in as much as thou

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hast

hast been my faithful Servant, and a back door relation to the Family of the Buckall's, I will give you an Halbert.

Honest Jack Buckall you shall carry the Ensign of the Horse Tail. And my friend SAM SLASHER, if he will take the name of Buckall, shall be my Lieutenant. For my resolution is, that this Band shall be called the band of Buckalls; under the command of the Hon. Ld. ALCOCK: And as for poor Wm. SELOB, who I find is in great Disgrace and Trouble on my account, and in as much as he is by the Mother's side a descendant of the Family of the Buckall's and for his good will toward me, I will dignify him, with the Style & Title, of Corporal Buckall; whereby he may get a little bread.

And now Gentlemen, you may Lift private Soldiers under my pay as soon as you please; and then the company broke up.

By this thou seest Alexander, what Wm. SELOB's Luxuriant imagination, has proceeded, in this banefull Enterprize of his.

And it is my Opinion, that he who attempts to expose Vice, ought first to look within himself, and see how free he is, from those

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those Blemishes, he so invidiously endeavours, to discover in others. And I shall conclude my Letter, with the Observation inscribed, in the Frontispiece of thy poor Scribble. If the Publick Censure had not been true, he had not felt it's bitter ——— and am thy friend,

OBADIAH SHEPHERD.

Advertisement,

JUST Preparing for the Press, The Secret History of the Caraites; giving a full account, of their Rise, & Progress, from their beginning, to this time, by the Ingenious, and Learned Harry Nonesuch, Historiographer to the Hon. Ld. Alcock.



